

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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Poetry.

DIVINE, CRESCENDO, PUEB.

And Thou art growing up, O Child Divine!
While on Thy life a daily dying lies;
All things that open on this life of Thine
Are preludes to Thy dying agonies.
God born of God, Himself He fain would hide
With a mean Sire the scorn of human pride;
And He who moulded Heaven's o'er-arching dome
In a poor earthly cottage makes His home.

Hands, that sustain the pillars of Heaven's roof,
Handle the ignoble craft of feeble man;
The framers of the stars, that speed aloof,
Himself becomes a corn-housed artisan.
Lo! He who hath the world beneath His feet
He at whose dread behest, archangels kneel,
And far and wide His kingly mandates bear,
Is subject to an humble carpenter.

—Matin Hymn, Paris Breviary.

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

THE NEW YEAR WORTH LIVING.

In view of the untold ills endured by men from the cradle to the grave, the question has been asked whether human life is worth living? The answer may be yes or no, according as a man devotes his life to the good or to the evil, to things spiritual and heavenly, or to things sensual and earthly.

That the life of the ungodly is not worth living is an ancient sentiment. The young man who a year ago started the inquiry, seems to have waked up to the consciousness of human folly, and then put the question as if he had discovered something new. The form in which he expressed his sense of the evil of sin is novel, but the idea that a life not consecrated to Jesus Christ is vain and foolish, filled with sorrow and ending in despair, is taught or implied in every book of the Old and New Testament. "The way of the transgressor is hard." "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The vanity of earthly pursuits, the folly of human wisdom, the bitterness of social joys, and the midnight darkness that falls every human hope, Scripture teaches under numberless aspects, and the Christian Church has been proclaiming for nineteen centuries. There is no room for two opinions. It does not pay to live our earthly life in unbelief and worldliness. Of vice and wretchedness, we need not speak. Take the best and the noblest life governed by the pride of self-will, and devoted to earthly ends, fame or pleasure, military glory or political distinction, or wealth and its great influence, and we may say of such a life, not only that it is not worth living, but that it is unworthy the dignity of manhood, and a species of moral insanity. It were better for such an one, as it would have been for Judas, according to the word of our Lord, if he had not been born.

To the Christian the question comes under different conditions. For him life has a new principle, a new character, a higher aim, a triumphant issue. One man there has been, whose life was worth living—worth living from the day of His birth to the day of His death. His cup of sorrow was full to the brim. He loved all men with a love stronger

than death; yet all classes hated Him with a degree of hatred such as no one had ever provoked. His career of good-will and mercy ended in agony and shame. Nevertheless this life of poverty and humiliation was worth living. Every pain became a pleasure; every sorrow a joy; every conflict a triumph. Under the garb of earthly poverty were hidden imperishable riches. Shame He changed into honor; defeat into victory; darkness into light; the thorny maze of humiliation into the pathway of exaltation and glory. Why? Why was it that this one man turned evil into good, and changed life, which for all other men was a curse, into a blessing? Because He was not governed by the pride of life. He did not live for gold; not for earthly fame or pleasure. This man hated all evil, and loved the good. He always did the right, and thus was never led to do the wrong. This man consecrated His whole life to God. He lived and died, not that He might accomplish any selfish purpose, but to do the will of His Father in heaven. Not that individuals and nations might minister to Him did He toil from day to day, but He lived, and taught, and performed great deeds, in order that He might minister to them. He suffered evil not to get the reputation of a martyr, but from the very evils He was suffering to save His bitterest enemies. Thus all the evils which befell Him He transformed into good, and all the temptations, conflicts, and woes of life into a substantial blessing. The life of this man was no failure. His great aim was fulfilled—fulfilled inasmuch as He lived a life of love to God and love to man.

Of the new man, Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God, all true Christians are living members. Their history is governed by the new law of love asserted and revealed by Jesus Christ. Such a life of self-denying love is worth living, but with joys; not with old curses, but with new benedictions. Great as is the folly of an ungodly man who devotes time and strength to the unsatisfying pursuits of the world; yet greater is the wisdom of the godly who, amid sharp trials and piercing sorrows, consecrate youth and manhood, time and labor, to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. As He did not fail so neither will their life be a failure. As He fulfilled the end for which He suffered, so will their disappointment be changed into triumph, their poverty into riches, their humiliation into honor and glory.

The great motive for consecrating a new year to a life of self-denial and persevering devotion to the kingdom of Christ, is to be found, not in the fleetness of time, not in the uncertainty of human affairs, nor yet in the steady approach of the all-devouring monster, death, but in such a life of faith and love. The purest and most ennobling good that a believer may possess on earth is the spiritual fellowship of faith with His Lord. The most delightful joy to be derived from association with men, comes from ministering to their temporal and spiritual needs. Not the gratitude of the needy, not the hope of return for deeds of kindness, but the exercise of Christ's love toward others, and the consciousness of overcoming evil by doing good; this is the purest social joy. The Christian is called upon to follow Christ because Christ is infinitely worthy of such consecration. He is to keep the faith because in keeping it there is great recompense of reward. He is to give all diligence to make his election sure, because that election gives him present spiritual comfort and strength, and confers honor, glory and immortality.

Let the new year be devoted to deeds of charity. Let the farmer plow his field and sow his grain that he may make money in order to lay it on the altar of the Gospel. Let the mechanic ply his trade, and the merchant sell his goods, with this one great end always before his mind: that he may get something, that he may get much, with which he may come and make an offering to the Lord. Let him toil early and late, not that he may dwell in a palace, not that he may give a large farm to his son, not that he may die the possessor of a great estate, but that with his prayers, his Christian conduct and his gold he may honor the Saviour King and minister to the wants of His kingdom. A year of time set apart to such spiritual ends will demonstrate to the heart of the

Christian not only that life is worth living, but that life is infinitely precious.

For The Messenger.

CHRIST FOR THE GENTILES.

Of the birth of Christ there were two significant announcements. Both came, as He did, not from below but above. The one was made by angels to illiterate Jewish shepherds; the other by a wonderful star to the learned students of nature among the heathen. The shepherds were not versed in astrology; but by their education and training under the Mosaic economy, they were fitted to receive a revelation directly from the spiritual world. The wise men from the East had not been favored with such spiritual culture; but by their thoughtful study of nature, and especially by their religious contemplation of the heavenly bodies, they were prepared to recognize the significance of an extraordinary light in the Western sky. Of the miraculous birth in Bethlehem, both announcements were miraculous; but the one differed from the other as the religious capacities of the Gentile differed from the religious capacities of the Jew.

It was the spiritual world manifesting by a wonderful star the love of God to men, that indicated to the Magi of the East the birth of the Messiah. Not limited by the modes of revelation under which His chosen people had for long ages been trained, God's wisdom had resources adequate to the ignorance and superstition of devout seekers after divine truth among heathen nations. The material universe is fashioned after a spiritual archetype; and by its constitution is adapted to ends which transcend the visible domain of matter. Manifested to the ends of his rational and moral being. The natural earth and the natural heaven are subordinated to the spiritual economy of the world. A spiritual idea underlies and pervades material laws and material relations. When physical phenomena are adapted by the hand of God to the kingdom of Christ, we observe no violation of natural law, no indication of an afterthought in the divine government, but a manifestation of an original law inherent in nature, and of a divine purpose in harmony with the constitution of the material universe. That nature should be the medium of the revelation of spirit is as truly legitimate as that grapes should grow upon the vine, or man's will express authority through man's voice.

The heavenly epiphany is prophetic in two respects. The visit of the Magi to the newborn Babe at Bethlehem, is the first fruits of the ingathering of pagan nations. So the Church has ever regarded this significant event. Christ is for the Gentiles. The treasures of His wisdom enrich every nation in every age, however weak and obscure, or strong and illustrious. He is the light of the world. Contrasted with Him, Gautama and Confucius, Zoroaster and Socrates, are darkness. Like the light of the natural sun, His kingdom is congenial to man as man, in whatever latitude or zone he may have his abode.

But there is another aspect of Epiphany on which it becomes a Christian to lay equal stress. The star of Bethlehem shone by light beaming from its own disc. The angel of the Lord came upon the shepherds, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. The shepherds, like the wise men, obtained their knowledge of Him who was born King of the Jews by a revelation from the heavenly world.

The power by which pagan nations may be converted to Jesus Christ is to be found nowhere but in Himself and in His kingdom. Whatever may be the degradation and the superstitions of a heathen nation, the light which will illumine their darkness and the strength requisite to lift them up out of the depths of sensuality and cruelty, come to them in and through the Gospel. If the nation be civilized and advanced in the arts and sciences, whether animated by the love of false religion or predisposed to unbelief, the Gospel is equal to all demands. Being divine and spiritual, its only effective agencies are such as distinguish the Gospel. The human reason cannot complement the Christian faith. Art and science do not il-

lumine Christ. No civilization can prepare the way for the progress of His kingdom, but in the degree that civilization is inspired and governed by His truth and grace.

By no other means has the Church of Christ made true progress during eighteen centuries. All efforts to supplement the Gospel from the resources of reason, or from the policy of civil governments, have weakened its effectiveness, and restricted the scope of its triumphs. The Church has, in every age, achieved the most substantial victories over barbarous people, when she depended solely on the wisdom and strength of Christ dwelling by His Spirit in her own communion.

That is her dependence now; and this dependence is her refuge and strength. Epiphany is a perpetual mystery; having as much force to-day for ignorant gentiles, as the Star of Bethlehem had for the Magi. Time does not diminish the adaptation of Christ to the wants of fallen human nature. So far from becoming weaker, the Gospel unfolds greater riches as it imparts truth and grace to man's poverty, and multiplies its power with every victory achieved over the kingdom of darkness. The missionary work takes into its service the best talent, thorough discipline of mind, learning and scholarship; but from the best type of men and from the abilities of the soundest scholarship, no missionary quickens his spiritual vitality, nor intensifies the effectiveness of God's word. The success of missions in heathen lands depends on the self-manifestation of Christ by His word and His Spirit. Missionaries at home and abroad, like every pastor of a self-supporting church, are efficient in the work of the ministry in proportion as they become the hallowed organs of the divine and hea-

God, in the severity of love, as the only foundation of hope.

So then, by this time, it should be clear to every one what is meant by plain talk, whenever it is really worthy of that name. It is simply taking matters as they are, and dealing with them as justice and truth demand, in that noble, fearless, and self-sacrificing spirit of honest devotion to the cause of God and humanity, which has ever characterized the lives of the wisest and best men, and which shone with superhuman lustre in the life of Jesus.

But it is commonly taken to be more prudent, if not more generous and beneficent, to pursue a more reserved course in reaching after great ends. Prudence is good in its place, and popular leaders have it in some form or measure, but, where it is either timid or selfish, it may become a source of trouble and great mischief. No generous and noble deeds are done by it, when once it leaves the path of a fearless rectitude. The heroism which has saved the race, and has brought us to the freedom of the nineteenth century, was not guided by a calculating prudential forethought, but it was animated by that wisdom, which deals fairly and squarely with existing problems, and leaves the consequences to history and to God. Daniel and the whole company of the prophets were ruled by this spirit, and it dwelled without measure in Jesus Christ; therefore, it was only to be expected, that it should rule supreme in the progress of the nations and the growth of Christian ideas.

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, was a plain and fearless preacher, a great worker and a first-class organizer. He left a government behind, which, as a strong system of ecclesiastical machinery, has hardly had its equal in the family of Protestant Churches. While they dealt plainly and fearlessly with moral and religious questions, they did not neglect training their people in beneficent liberality and practical Church work. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that Methodism grew immensely in numbers, and in public spirit, and that now they can raise within a given district, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on one day for their Church Extension Fund. It stands confessed, that we, in Eastern Pennsylvania, are at least the equal of our M. E. brethren in financial resources, and yet it makes us blush from ear to ear, when we are politely asked to make an exhibit, side by side with theirs, of our financial operations. They have thus far not made much pretension to theological scholarship, but in that respect they are now rapidly advancing. It would be a happy event, one may be allowed to suppose, if we could provide them with some of our irenic Christologic theology, and take from them in return, a full measure of their practical benevolent Church enterprise. That would do us both good, and it would help the cause of Christ not a little.

Napoleon the great, it is well known, was not very exemplary as a Christian. As a statesman, he has had many equals, and perhaps his superiors. As a man of action, however, as a military commander, who knew just where and when to strike, he stands high above the ordinary level of strong characters. If, in the good providence of God, a genius of this kind would rise among us, "full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," and would draw out our latent energies for united effort, we would not much longer be compelled to hide our faces, when we are to show what we are doing for the various enterprises of our Church. Twenty-five years ago some of the leading minds in the Church were of the opinion, that the financial interests should be placed into the hands of an official head, who should devote his whole time to the work of developing our resources. Had that been done and the measure been properly sustained, we would now be on the highway of benevolent prosperity. Something has been done in the way of superintendencies and other agencies, and just now matters are beginning to look as if our enterprises were to be pushed forward with vigor and united energy. The agent of our Publication Board aims high and works hard, and he means to reach his figure if he lives. That is the way to do the thing, and it is to be hoped, that all pastors who cannot or will not push the claims of our Church papers themselves, will invite the Agent to come and do it for them; for done it will have to be, if the Church is not to rest under the sombre shadow of a pitiful financial helplessness and want of benevolent energy. And our Mission Superintendent is entitled to the same kind of co-operation. Mere appeals through the papers are not sufficient. What is wanted is to draw every pastor, and every church, into line, and make them move in a solid body. This will have a cheering effect, and will inspire every one to do his duty. Let the good work go bravely on.

I. E. G.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

PLAIN TALK.

One must not necessarily be rough or abusive, when one talks plainly. The true idea of such talk may best be reached, by referring to cases in history which illustrate it.

Belshazzar the king had a drunken debauch, with the lords and princes of his empire. A hand appeared and wrote on the wall. This alarmed the king greatly, especially when he found that none of his wise men could read and explain the writing. Finally Daniel was called in. He read the writing, and told the king and his besotted courtiers plainly what it meant. It was plain talk, just such talk as the circumstances demanded. A bold step certainly it was for Daniel, to walk into that oriental court and talk the way he did, but he had done such things before. When he was a lad of only twelve or fourteen years of age, he refused the meat and wine ordered for him from the table of Nebuchadnezzar, and talked to that monarch in very plain terms, and hence the boy was father to the man. This straightforward behaviour of the Hebrew prophet, in moral grandeur, stands high above the masterly eloquence of Cicero, against Catiline and his conspiracy, and the majestic oratory of Demosthenes in defense of his country. These ancient pagan heroes plead nobly against domestic and foreign foes, but Daniel, with the genius of a great statesman, united the nobler quality of loyalty to God and the eternal principles of the truth.

But it is possible to produce even a more perfect illustration than that of Daniel, or of any other model drawn from either sacred or profane history. Let any one consider the words of Christ to the Scribes and Pharisees, as they are found in the chapters of the four Gospels. There is no attempt at oratory, or at a round and majestic flow of sentences; and no Philipics, drawn in brilliant and smooth flowing diction, are indulged in. It is simply plain talk all the way through, and that without any sign of personal bitterness. It is the flow of divine-human love, in a naked and pungent statement of facts. All was done that the truth might prevail, that men might repent, and that the people might be saved. This was more than patriotism, and more even than the defense of the true worship in the face of great danger. It was the language of

Family Reading.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY F. F. HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpet's rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

THE THREE KINGS.

There is a story many ages old, but which will be freshly told now in every tongue under heaven, of how three heathen monarchs once set out together on a long and perilous journey to seek, not riches nor adventure, but a new-born king greater than themselves. On their way from the far East, they crossed the damp and malarious slopes of the Aegean Sea, the precipitous mountain heights of Chaldea, sterile desert tracts, with neither chart nor compass, guided only by a mysterious light in the heavens. Kepler asserts that this light was caused by a conjunction of the planets Saturn and Jupiter, which, for the first time, appeared in the year of Rome 747 as one star for months in the southern heavens, pointing as with a heavenly finger of light to the hills of Bethlehem. Other astronomers declare that while this conjunction did take place at that time, the wise men were more probably led to the place of the Saviour's birth by a comet which traversed the heavens for the space of seventy days. Whether the star in the East was a comet or a special sign set among the clouds by God matters little. It guided these heathens to the stable. It is worth while for us to remember, too, that these were not ghosts or shadowy types of mankind crossing the desert, as we are apt to consider all biblical personages, but sincere men, in a groping, ignorant age of the world, searching for a leader and a teacher, using the best knowledge they had to find him—astrology, signs and superstitions, very likely, of every sort. They were so eager that they braved all the slow, dreary risk of the way; they were so sure that they would find the man they sought that they brought gifts ready in their hands for him, each according to his own character and life. The legend says that Melchior, the smallest of the three, a shrewd but honest ruler, brought gold; another, a larger man and of a joyous disposition, brought incense to burn with gladness before the king of the world; while the third, who was of dark color, and who had suffered great miseries, and was yet grown to a mighty stature, had only fragrant myrrh to lay at His feet in silence.

The star at last brought them to the King. He was neither warrior nor wise man, but new-born babe. He was so far separated from worldly state and usages that He made His bed with the beasts of the field, while creatures higher than men thronged the air to pay Him homage. He was akin to man in His extreme want, and that from His first breath. Mary was driven as a pauper from the inn in her greatest strait. The three kings worshiped the child and went on their way. All that we are told about them further is that God Himself directed their journey. Now, all of us, men and women, in

our streets, shops and offices, are searching for this unknown leader, just as the three heathen kings did through solitary desert and mountain ranges. Railroads, telegraphy, the hurly-burly of politics and newspapers, have not made a whit of difference to the soul of man and its secret need. A New York merchant gropes for the hand to lead him through life in a straight, honorable path, and through the darkness beyond (on which newspapers or telegraphy have thrown no ray of light), precisely as did these kings of Chaldea.

If we had found Him, what gift should we have brought Him on His birthday? Money for this church or that school or charity? Melchior gave gold, we are told, and did well. Some men have no money to give, but they are so glad to be alive, and have their hearts so full of love to this good and gracious Master, that they scatter largess of kindness and happiness all about them. They are the high-priests of Christmas; and we hope every household has one to burn incense for it this morning. But there may have been some of our readers who had neither money nor joy to give away—who had brought out of the past year nothing but the remembrance of an open grave or some yet more hopeless pain. So there was one who came to worship with the others, silent and of a grave countenance, who had gone through great tribulation. But we are told that he was grown of higher stature than his fellows, and when he laid myrrh at the feet of the Arbiter of life and death he was touched, not by the sceptre of an avenging judge, but by the loving hand of the Divine Child.—*Exchange.*

"PAY JOHN WILLIAMS."

At a church meeting not far from Boston, a man whose credit was not the best, and who was somewhat noted for his failure to meet his obligations, arose to speak. The subject for the evening was, "What shall I do to be saved?" Commencing in measured tones, he quoted the passage, "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, and again more emphatically asked the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" Again, with increased solemnity and impressiveness of manner, he repeated the momentous inquiry, when a voice from the assembly answered in clear and distinct tones, "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen you bought of him!" The remainder of the gentleman's address was not reported. All present appreciated the fitness of the unexpected word in season, and were saved from hearing a lengthy exhortation from a swindler's lips.

The incident has led us to think that there are a good many people who, before they make much progress in walking in the way of salvation themselves, or guiding others therein, will have to "Go and pay John Williams," or John somebody else, the money that they honestly owe them. There is no man shrewd enough to pursue a course of dishonesty and trickery, and still retain the favor of God in this world, or a good hope of glory for the world to come. It is best to settle up, and pay up, and then it will be in order to talk in the prayer-meeting.—*Christian.*

CONVERSATION WITH CHILDREN.

Conversation is not talking to, but talking with. Children like to talk, like to be talked to; but like best of all to have some one they like talk with them.

More of personal influence is communicated from one to others by means of conversation, than by any other, if not more than by all other means put together. And the supreme advantage which is afforded by the institution of the modern Sabbath-school is in the wonderfully apt opportunity which it provides for personal religious conversation.

We can't help thinking; yet we can be helped in our thinking, and all of us need to be. We are continually in need not only of new information, but of fresh stimulation and direction. The mind of the child hungers and thirsts for just that which can come only through the right kind of conversation. There is a cruel wrong done when that is withheld from it. The sweetest pleasures of the home are, after all, those which are associated with the home conversation. The conversation in some homes—have we not shown such?—has afforded the very best part of the "liberal education" of the family. The blessed influence of Father and Mother, deep as life itself, and which goes all through life—how does it come to be what it is, except through daily, hourly conversation.

Even those three and a half years of our Saviour's "public ministry," as we call it, were mainly taken up with—not so much preaching—but conversation. The hearts of His disciples burned within them as He "talked with" them by the way. And the conversation of those

whose mind and heart—whose whole life is deeply imbued with Christ's own spirit, will always be kindling as well as kindly. Oh, it is a wonderful gift, a solemn yet inspiring trust, the finest of all the arts—this of true Christian conversation.

And who is there that needs to understand the mystery, to acquire the mastery of this sacred art, more than does the Sabbath-school teacher?—*Advance.*

FINE MANNERS.

There is one element in modern life which is radically hostile to the cultivation, or even the retention, of fine manners. This is its extreme hurry and its constant bustle. Fine manners require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub, jostling and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners require time; indeed, they take no note of time. A person of fine manners may himself always be punctual; but he can scarcely preserve his fine manners while laboring to compel other people to do so. Fine manners are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. Fine manners take their time over everything. This is not to say that they are inconsistent with exertion, or even with great energy. The exertion must be equable; the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical. Watch different orders of persons proceeding to take the train from one place to another. Persons of an inferior condition of life appear to be deeply tormented with the idea that they will fail to catch it. They arrive out of breath, though they are ten minutes before the time fixed for starting. They bustle over the taking of their tickets; they scramble for a place in some carriage or other; the whole business is with them one of haste and disquietude. People of a higher grade, but still of what is ordinarily termed a middle condition of life, do not manifest so much incoherent solicitude as all this. But they are fidgety and uncertain. They trouble themselves and their neighbors, instead of taking the matter quietly and as a matter of course. People of fine manners do not exhibit these symptoms of gratuitous distress. They take all reasonable care to be at the station in time; but as they cherish an immovable belief that five minutes are always and invariably of the same length, and that the hour-hand moves no faster even if their own pulse does, they are content to abide by the law of cause and consequence, and entertain no doubt that having given themselves an abundant interval for traversing a well-ascertained distance, it will be accomplished in the period duly allotted to it. There is a perfect repose in the taking of their tickets, in the dispatch of their baggage, in the selection of their places. Persons who do not understand that this method of procedure is a second nature with many, and a first nature with some half-playfully denominated those they see practicing it as "cool hands." But where in the world is there any necessity for heat, or for that feverish trepidation which accompanies the smaller movements of people who have not learned (to use a not inapt phrase to be met with in a modern poem) that there is nothing so tedious as haste?

Many excellent persons, not unnaturally displeased to find that such importance is attached to a quality which seems in no degree to partake of a moral character, labor to argue that the secret of gentlemanliness and fine manners is virtue, generosity, amiability, consideration for others. It seems that, though the argument may prove that he who employs it has a noble enthusiasm for morality he allows his worthy partiality to lead him into sophistry, or at least to lose sight of a true distinction, and one that goes to the root of the whole business. I do not think I should be guilty of exaggeration were I to affirm that some persons of the finest manners have been uniformly and systematically selfish, and that it is possible to perform the most graceful act in the most graceful manner conceivable. Fine manners are paper money, not sterling coin; but they are invaluable currency, whether they be convertible or not into something more solid. But surely the severest moralist would not deny that the most abandoned scoundrel may offer you a chair with the finest air of breeding, though he has just with equal grace deprived some one else of it, while a model of virtue and self-sacrifice may hand it to you with such awkwardness as to bruise your shins or tear your dress, though he had been standing the whole night and is fainting from fatigue. This, no doubt, is an extreme, though by no means an uncommon case; but it is a fortunate circumstance that the tradition of fine manners and the resolution not to part with them, often compel a thoroughly selfish man to seem to do a generous thing, and in any wise to be of use to his neighbor. The worst condition in which we can find ourselves is to be surrounded by people who have neither morals nor manners; who are at one and the same time thor-

oughly selfish and utterly ill-bred. Society had perhaps take care, lest it fall a victim to the double evil.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

If one member suffers do not all the members suffer with it? If you have a cold prayer-meeting, is it owing to those who don't attend?—or is it owing to the lifeless prayers which are offered up?—or to the minister? Probably a little of each and more of something else. If your Sunday-school falls away, shall we blame the scholars only?—or the teachers only?—or the superintendent only?—are not all responsible to some extent? If your church is cold and lifeless, where lies the fault? Is it the elders, or deacons, or the people, or the minister? May it not be, is it not in all probability, that all bear a share of the coldness?

The first thing then to do is, to apply the remedy. When the clock is stopped, something must first be started in the right direction, and then the big wheels and the little wheels, the weight and the pendulum, must co-operate. Treat your cold church, or cold prayer-meeting, or cold Sunday-school as you would the stopped clock, and you may have less occasion to ask with the lamented Watts,

Dear Lord, and must we ever live
At this poor dying rate?

How is it in your church?

NOT FOR OURSELVES ONLY.

That sort of religion which ignores the obligations of Christian philanthropy, and shuts itself up in a cloister to "count its beads and patter prayers," is no longer regarded as much value to the world and yet there is a modern pietism the offspring and relic of monasticism, which is so constantly pre-occupied with inward experience as to forget the dying need of others. Many good people give themselves up exclusively to this sort of introspective piety, watching their spiritual thermometer to determine their spiritual state, and thus become so self-involved that they do not perceive the woe and the want all round them. The religion of Christ is not a set of holy emotions and affections which must be nursed and coddled by constant watching and indulging in spiritual raptures. It is the religion of philanthropy which goes out into the world where God's poor and needy are, and works to the full extent of our powers for the good of their bodies and souls.

This, then, is the law of Christian philanthropy, as announced by the Saviour and illustrated by His example that those who are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak; that those who have, should impart to those who need. And this law is binding upon all men, but especially upon those who profess to be Christians. If we are Christians we are, by the very conditions of being such, philanthropists.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

"ANSWER HIM SOFTLY."

Answer him softly. You cannot know,
In the depths below,
How sharp was the struggle, the fight he made
Ere the price he paid,
And yielded his soul to the tempter's power
In a hasty hour.

Answer him softly; for it may be—
Like the sturdy tree,
Which tested in many a storm, its strength,
To be bent at length—
He struggled full oft, and resisted well,
Though at last he fell.

Answer him softly, lest you be tried
On your weaker side,
And fall, as before you so many have done,
Who in thought had won;
Fall, too, ere temptation had spent its force
In its subtle course.

Answer him softly; for none can tell,
When the storm-clouds swell,
Whose bark shall weather the tempest, or whose
Its venture shall lose.
Speak gently: the weakest may stand the gale,
The stoutest may fall.

—G. N., in the Traveller.

NO TRUE WORK EVER WASTED.

No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh, understand those two perverted words, failure and success, and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the bitterest failure has often been in the sight of heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap painted with devils, was placed on the brow of John Hus, and he sank dying amid the embers of the flame—was that a failure? When St. Francis Xavier died, cold and lonely on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land—was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena and the white sand scattered over the crimson life-blood of the victim whom the dense amphitheatre de-

spised as some obscure and nameless Jew—was that a failure? And when, after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, one came forth to be pre-eminently the man of sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the life, it was the death of Him who lived that we might follow His footsteps—it was the life, it was the death of the Son of God.—*F. W. Farrar.*

COSTLY APARTMENTS.

The Queen of Spain's rooms at Madrid have been exquisitely appointed. In the first of the suite, hung with Beauvais' choicest tapestry, stand two Sevres cabinets valued at \$40,000. This opens on what is known as the Imperial saloon, furnished in what is known as the style of the First Empire. The music room is hung with pink silk, and adjoins the Queen's study, furnished in the Louis XV. style, and ceiled in wood and bronze. From this room the Queen can step out on the terrace, which commands a charming prospect. The sleeping-room adjoining is a spacious chamber, the bed in Louis XVI. style, the canopy supported by female figures in gilt bronze. A large Louis XIV. wardrobe, of marvelously beautiful design, occupies the whole of one side of the room. The walls are covered with 850 yards of tapestry work from Lige, costing \$8,000. Adjoining is a lovely dressing-room, communicating with the servants' rooms. All is so arranged that the King and Queen can be together in perfect privacy, as her dressing-room communicates with the King's apartments.

FAITH CHANGED TO SIGHT.

The principal notion which the Scripture gives us of the state of heavenly blessedness, and which the meanest believers are capable of improving in daily practice, is, that faith shall be turned into sight, and grace into glory. We walk by faith and not by sight, saith the apostle. Wherefore, this is the difference between our present and our future state, that sight hereafter shall supply the room of faith, and if sight come into the place of faith, then the object of that sight must be the same with the present object of our faith. So the apostle informs us. We know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Those things which we now see darkly, as in a glass, we shall then have an immediate sight and full comprehension of; for that which is perfect must come and do away that which is in part.—*J. Owen.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

TRY IT.—Many do not know that so simple a thing as a piece of newspaper, folded and laid next to the under garment across the chest and across the shoulders, will often prevent cold upon the lungs. The close tissue of the paper makes it an excellent non-conductor. It answers the same purpose as chamois skin, and is always at hand.

SPONGE POUND CAKE.—Three cups sugar, one cup of butter, one cup sweet milk, six eggs, five cups flour. Use baking powder, instead of cream tartar, the usual quantity, judging by the kind of baking powder used. Divide this recipe, using one-half of each ingredient, when only one cake is wanted. In making sponge cake fresh oranges are much better than lemons.

THE FOLLOWING RECIPE for doing up shirts will be found of use to many housewives: Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder; put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or so of water; and then, having covered it up, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, and cork it and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to the lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

BEEF STEAK WITH ONIONS.—An English recipe: Pound the steak, season and fry in a frying pan; then dredge flour over it, and add by degrees a cup of boiling water with more seasoning. Drain the onions which must have been boiled, cut them up and put them into the pan, having taken out the steak; add a lump of butter and a little more flour, stir them to prevent scorching, and when the onions are well browned, put in the steak, and place the whole over the fire till heated thoroughly. In serving heap the onions upon the steak. This is said to be a very popular dish with hard-working mechanics and farmers.

Miscellaneous.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

A tyrant in my border dwells
In Austrian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are his cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.
His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight glids its slender woof
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levee, every morn,
Such brilliants do appear
As ne'er in any court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch
Where victims out of sight,
His cruel jealousy may fetch
And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches as I stand.

The tyrant Luxury doth so
Our winged souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle web afar I'll leave
Of flattering deceit;
The gorgeous spider shall not weave
His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed,
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

—Scribner for January.

PARIS IN THE SNOW.

The aspect of Paris at the present moment is more like a Siberian town than the gay capital of France. Such a sudden and copious fall of snow is not within the memory of those born in the present century. The town throughout is wrapped in an ermine mantle, varying from three inches to three feet in thickness. The roads are no longer visible from the pavements. The cobbler's shed and the President's palace wear the same appearance, and altogether there is an equality and fraternity in this last demonstration of nature which ought to satisfy the craving of the most ardent believer in the advent of the universal Republic.

The snow ceased falling this morning and it was well it did, for we should have been nearly cut off from communication with the outer world. From all parts we hear of the railway and telegraph services having come to a dead lock, while in Paris locomotion out-of-doors is almost impossible. The authorities are doing their best to remedy matters, but the sudden demand on their energies is superior to their means, and unless a rapid thaw sets in, we are doomed to live and move about *à la Russe* for some days to come. Already many of the happy possessors of carriages have turned them into sledges, but they are naturally few in number, and the general public are forced to remain at home, or brave the dangers and hardships of the streets if they go out. Only a small number of cabs can be seen on the streets, and the fares the drivers ask for the smallest distances are beyond credence. I heard one Jehu demand no less than 20 francs for a distance of three miles. The steam-boats on the Seine, which enter considerably into the daily traffic of Paris, have ceased plying, while the majority of tramways are closed. The only vehicle traffic which has kept up an appearance is that of the ordinary omnibusses. However, not more than half the usual number of them are running, owing to the extra number of horses required, but the company deserves some praise for not leaving the public entirely unprovided for.

The majority of persons whom duty calls out-of-doors are forced to rely on their legs. Walking, though attended with some danger and labor, is a performance not devoid of interest to the Parisian, unaccustomed to the atmospheric necessities of Northern climes. The authorities, not being able to remove the snow, have swept it aside on the pavements; but the roads, so far, are untouched. To come down to town, therefore, you have to walk, as it were, between small snowy mountains, which is a bracing and not too disagreeable exercise, but when you want to cross a road you have to trudge knee-deep in snow, and occasionally you miss your calculation as to the curbstone, which is hidden, and you suddenly lose your centre of gravity. This is not the only danger to be feared. You also run the risk of being half buried under an avalanche from the house-tops and balconies, and if you are forced to pass through the glass-covered arcades you may receive a pane of plate glass, overlaid with snow, on your head.

Many accidents of this kind have occurred in the arcades on the boulevards to-day. But those who go in carriages are exposed to almost as many dangers as those who go on foot. On all sides you come across carriages and horses in distress. In many cases the animals have broken their legs, and the vehicles, having been upset, are lying in the gutter. The skaters are, of course, delighted, and are amusing themselves on the lakes in the Boulogne Wood while the frost lasts. But the parents are the reverse of pleased, and for various reasons. Apart from the broken legs and arms which their children meet with, this snow blockade has doubled and trebled the household expenses. The market gardeners and dairymen being unable to reach Paris, vegetables are at an enormous premium, and of milk and butter there was little or none to be had to-day.—*Paris Cor. London Standard.*

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower of London seems to have run considerable risk of being destroyed by fire recently. Fortunately, however, owing to the exertions of the Fire Brigade, the flames, which severely damaged the officers' quarters, were subdued before further mischief was done, and London was spared the misfortune of losing, at least for the present, its celebrated fortress. The Tower has enjoyed a long immunity from danger of this description. Thirty-eight years have elapsed since, on October 30, 1841, the great armory or storehouse to the east of St. Peter's Chapel was burned to the ground by a fire caused by the over-heating of the flue of a stove in the Round or Bowyer Tower immediately adjoining. On this occasion, 150,000 stand of small arms were destroyed by the flames, and the Great or White Tower, as well as the Jewel Tower, narrowly escaped destruction. The Regalia were saved mainly by the agility and courage of a superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Pierce, who, squeezing himself through a small aperture hastily made by crowbars in the iron grating of the room in which the jewels were kept, handed out the various articles of the Regalia, remaining at his post at the risk of his life until they were all rescued. This meritorious officer's brave deeds deserve to be remembered, more especially as he received no reward for them. The fire on Tuesday night was caused, it is stated, by a "sparking," and, unless "sparks" are kept under more effectual control, we shall, probably, one day lose the Tower of London after all.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

Up to midnight there was a constant going and coming of crowds of people through the streets of Rome; some were going to St. Maria Maggiore to see the relics of *Sacra Cuna*. In the second year of the Pontificate of Pope Theodore, 643, there was brought from the East a portion of the stone on which it was believed the Saviour was born, and a part of the manger, four pieces of fir wood. These are enclosed in a handsome gilt salver and crystal box designed by the architect Valadier, and used to be exposed on the altar of Liberian Basilica at Christmas. It was carried professionally around the church at Vespers on Christmas Day and then deposited in the Sistine Chapel of that basilica, which was built for these relics by order of Sixtus V. (1585-1590) from materials taken from the Septizonium Septimius Severus on the Palatine. Crowds of people also went to St. Luigi dei Francesi, which was brilliantly illuminated on Christmas Eve; some went to Ara Colli, where the Bambino was exposed, and the ancient legend of the Emperor Augustus and the Sibyl was recalled to the pious; others went to the feudal river of the Anguillara in the Lungarella, where at the summit there was always a beautiful representation of the birth of Christ exhibited. This custom of representing the Presepio mystery in churches and private houses began in the fourteenth century in Italy, and was displayed in pictures by great artists and in reliefs. It was then that Luca della Robbia made himself famous for his terra-cotta painted Presepios which are now so valuable. At midnight all the churches were closed and we went to our homes to rest until 3 o'clock in the morning, when the second or Aurora Mass was sung, and crowds again went in every direction to various churches. This Mass dates back to the fourth century. The Popes used to sing it at the Church of St. Anastasia, and this was the custom up to the time of Leo XII, (della Genga 1823-1829.) This Mass is called the Pastoral at St. Peter's, because the music sung in it is taken from old Christmas melodies. The vigil of *The Natale*, or Christmas Eve, is the only one on which can be sung more than one Mass.

These Masses are a privilege, not a precept, and belong especially to the Latin Church. A crowd assembled at St. Peter's at the Pastoral Mass of 1869. I walked as in a dream through the vast church that was draped in a strange half-darkness; the wild old sacred melodies streamed out of the choir chapel as did the sharp arrows of light, and were lost in the gloom and distance of that gigantic temple. After the mass was ended I went to a friend's carriage in the piazza, where there was a little breakfast prepared for me; after that was over I returned to the church and took my place among a crowd of ladies at the door which is at the base of the great pier of the dome called St. Andrea. We all had tickets which entitled us to seats in the great stone balcony that is high on that pier; there we were obliged to wait from half-past five to half-past eight o'clock, when the door was open, and we climbed up the steep, narrow, winding stone steps leading to the balcony. The view from that post is very fine, not only of the grand ceremonies but also of the whole church. The Pope entered the central nave preceded by the long line of Council Fathers. This nave was indeed a grand sight. The Palatine Guard stood on either side. The Fathers were in superb vestments, especially the Oriental bishops, who were most gorgeous. The College of Cardinals with their attendants were very imposing, and also the numerous officials of the Papal Court and Government in their splendid dresses. Then, surrounded by the Staff of the Noble Guard and Swiss Guard, came Pius IX. in white alb and pluvial embroidered with gold, seated in the *sedes gestatoria*, which was carried by twelve men, dressed in red velvet damasked with papal arms; on either side were the great *flabelli* of white ostrich feathers, ornamented with peacock plumes. Over this was a dais or baldachino of white silk embroidered in gold. The escort was the Swiss Guard in shining cuirass, with unsheathed swords over their shoulders. Prelates and officials closed this superb procession. While it proceeded along the nave, the Sistine Chapel singers chanted the anthem *Tu es Petrus*; at the close of this chant the fanfare of the Noble Guard was heard. The long and imposing ceremonies of Pontifical Mass followed. How grand was the solemn moment of the elevation of the Host; the pontifical trumpets were heard from the upper part of the cupola of the basilica, playing a music that was and Palatine Guards met and presented arms the sight and sound were indeed grand and imposing. Yes, all these memories are splendid ones and a treasure to those of us who possess them. These memories, like so many of Rome, have become things of the past.—*Parisian.*

THE PICTURESQUE DRESS OF THE MOORS.

I am ashamed when I pass a handsome Moor in gala dress, writes M. Edmond de Amicis in his work on Morocco. I compare my ugly hat with his large muslin turban, my short jacket with his ample white or rose-colored caftan—the meanness, in short, of my black and gray garments with the whiteness, amplitude, the graceful, dignified simplicity of his—and it seems that I look like a black beetle beside a butterfly. I stand sometimes at my window in contemplation before a portion of a pair of crimson drawers and gold-colored slipper, appearing from behind a column in the square below, and find so much pleasure in it that I cannot cease from gazing. More than anything else I admire and envy the caftan, that long piece of snow-white wool or silk with transparent stripes which is twisted round the turban, falls down between the shoulders, is passed around the waist, and thrown up over one shoulder, whence it descends to the feet, softly veiling the rich colors of the dress beneath, and at every breath of wind swelling, quivering, floating, seeking to glow in the sun's rays, and going to the whole person a vaporous and visionary aspect. No one who has not seen it can imagine to what a point the Arab carries the art of lying down. In corners where we should be embarrassed to place a bag of rags or a bundle of straw, he disposes of himself as upon a bed of down. He adapts himself up to the wall like a bas-relief, and flattens out upon the ground until he looks like sheet spread out to dry. He will assume the form of a ball, a cube, or a monster without arms, legs, or head; so that the streets and squares look like battle-fields strewn with corpses, and mutilated limbs of men. The greater part have nothing on but a simple white maile—but what a variety there is among them! Some wear it open, some closed, some drawn on one side, some fold over the shoulder, some tightly wrapped, some loosely floating, but always in an air; varied by

picturesque folds, falling in easy but severe lines, as if they were posing for an artist. Every one of them might pass for a Roman Senator. This very morning our artist discovered a marvelous Marcus Brutus in the midst of a group of Bedouins. But if one is not accustomed to wear it, the face is not sufficient to ennoble the folds of the mantle. Some of us brought them for the journey, and tried them on, and we looked like so many convalescents wrapped in bathing-sheets. I have not yet seen among the Arabs a hunchback, or a lame man, or a rickety man, but many without a nose and without an eye, one or both, and the greater part of these with the empty orbit—a sight which made me shiver when I thought that possibly the globe had been torn out in virtue of the lex talionis, which is in vigor in the empire. But there is no ridiculous ugliness among those strange and terrible figures. The flowing, ample vesture conceals all small defects, as the common gravity and the dark bronzed skin conceal the difference of age. In consequence of which one encounters at every step men of an indefinite age, of whom one cannot guess whether they are old or young; and if you judge them old, a lightening smile reveals their youth; and if you think them young, the hood falls back and betrays the gray locks of age.

Selections.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.

Salvation is permanent deliverance from both the love of sin and the guilt of sin.—*Joseph Cook.*

Keep in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, if you would scatter sunshine around you.

We only ask of God what we think will be best, but He gives us what He knows is best.

"The hand of Christ first strewed the snow on the Lebanon and smoothed the slopes of Calvary."—*Ruskin.*

A man's virtue should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—*Chesterfield.*

The movement of the soul along the path of duty, under the influence of holy love to God, constitutes what we call good works.—*Erekrine.*

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, is a danger to the strength of the mind, the essential, primary condition of all choirs, and public singers in church, as well as our singing at home.—*Alford.*

He that hath many things to trust to, is in suspense which he should take hold of; but where there is but one left, with what greediness will he clasp hold of that. God cuts down worldly prospects, that we may make Him our stay.—*Charnock.*

Be thou of such courage and so patient in hope, that, when inward comfort is withdrawn, thou mayest prepare thy heart to suffer even greater things; and do not justify thyself, as though thou oughtest not suffer these afflictions or any so great, but justify me in whatsoever I appoint, and still praise my holy name.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Somebody has said of Arnold of Rugby that "the central fact of his experience was his close, conscious and ever-realized union and friendship with the Lord Jesus Christ, and that in the overflowing fullness of his heart every expression of affection that might pass between earthly friends passed between him the Divine Man, whom, as a Friend, he had in heaven, to whom with an exhaustless enjoyment he clung."

There is a fabled bird—Caradrius, That flies, on wings of healing, from the sun, Takes to itself the poison of disease With the same kiss that gives the sufferer ease;

Back to the sun she turns her holy flight, There purified in the eternal light. So sympathy may kiss the lips of grief, Drawing its thorn and giving blest relief; And bear the wearing sorrow to the skies, At once the answer and the sacrifice.

—George Birdseye.

Science and Art.

NEARLY COMPLETED.—Miss Blanche Nevins, who has been commissioned by the State of Pennsylvania to execute a statue in marble of Major-General Muhlenburg to be placed in the National Capitol at Washington, has about completed the model. Miss Nevins has been working at it in Italy during this summer. The design, which is quite spirited, represents Muhlenburg, who at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, was a Pennsylvania clergyman, in the dramatic moment when in his pulpit he threw off his ecclesiastical vestments and revealed himself to his congregation in the uniform of a Continental officer, imploring the men of his church to follow him to the field. The statue will be ready for its pedestal in the Rotunda within the time stipulated in the contract.—*Franklin Repository.*

Notwithstanding the acceleration of the speed of trains in France and Germany, the pace is still below that of several lines in England. The fastest average in France is thirty-five miles an hour; in Germany, of thirty-seven and a half miles an hour. In England, the Scotch mail which leaves Euston at 8.50 P. M., arrives in Edinburgh at 6.45 A. M., making 401 miles in ten hours less five minutes, and travelling, therefore, at an average rate, including stoppages, of forty-one and

a quarter miles an hour; while the 8½ P. M., express from King's Cross, reaches Edinburgh at 6 A. M., running over 397 miles in nine and a half hours, and maintaining, therefore, an average speed of forty-two miles per hour. Of trains running for shorter distances those on the Great Western run through from London to Swinton, seventy-seven and a quarter miles, in eighty-seven minutes, or at the rate of fifty-three miles an hour.

ASSYRIAN EXPLORATION.—Mr. Hormuzl Rassam has returned to England, having completed the work of his second Assyrian expedition. He brings with him a rich collection of objects which have been acquired during the year. The results of the last journey are of a more varied character than those of any expedition which has taken place since the early explorations conducted by Sir A. H. Layard. Commencing operations on the mounds of Nineveh, Mr. Rassam succeeded in exploring a site which was regarded as forbidden ground. This was the mound of Neb-Yunus, the supposed tomb of the prophet Jonah. In this mound he discovered remains of palaces erected by Esarhaddon and Sennacherib. His labors on the mounds of Nineveh have resulted in the recovery of a large number of inscriptions, many of extreme interest. Passing southward, he visited Nimroud, where he continued his labors in the Temple of Venus. This building, which he discovered in his former expedition, was now thoroughly examined, and found to be a large, open temple, containing shrines of several deities. There were also found a number of seats arranged in parallel rows, forming a centre aisle from the chief altar. The plan now recovered seems to favor the idea of its having been a species of forum where religious and other councils were held. The explorations in Assyria have discovered many valuable monuments. Mr. Rassam extended his operations into fields untouched since the time of Sir A. H. Layard's expedition, and he was able to carry out a series of explorations on the mounds of ancient Babylon. Here his discoveries have been most brilliant. In a mound hitherto untouched he discovered a palace of Nebuchadnezzar's, with rich enamelled columns, beams of Indian wood, and every indication of having been a most splendid edifice. His excavations in the mound of the Birs Nimroud the supposed site of the Tower of Babel, has proved that the destruction of this great edifice was due, not to lightning or hostile attack, but to a volcanic eruption, which had torn and shattered the edifice.

Personal.

Alexander Stuart, the wealthy sugar refiner, of New York, who died lately, leaves his whole estate, valued at \$7,000,000, to his brother, Robert L. Stuart.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has just bought for \$1,000 a magnificent lion from the Zoological Garden at Marseilles, and she intends to paint its portrait for next year's Salon.

The Baltimore Sun of the 21 instant, announces the death of Wm. W. Griffith, an elder brother of Goldboro S. Griffith, of that city, under distressing circumstances. It seems he had supped with his brother, and afterwards was on his way to attend a meeting, when he was struck by a train. He was a prosperous merchant, engaged in the paper hanging business, and an exemplary Christian and a highly esteemed citizen.

Emperor William, though eighty-two years of age, is still passionately fond of the chase, and is out hunting whenever he finds it possible. There is a great deal of sham and humbug about his Majesty's shooting. Etiquette demands that he should kill mere game than anybody else, and to make that certain other shots must discreetly refrain from hitting the mark, and sometimes it is even necessary that half-tamed deer and smaller animals should be adroitly yet imperceptibly driven from neighboring reserves into the royal huntsman's path. The result of these exploits is always published with much care, particularly in the *Empire and State Bulletin*, as though it were a matter of national concern.

Books and Periodicals.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GENERAL GRANT. By John Russell Young. New York: Subscription Department, The American News Company. Branch Office, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia. To be completed in twenty parts, at 50 cents each.

The fifteenth part of this work, truly admirable both as to contents and mechanical execution, is on our table. It continues the account of General Grant's travels through the Asiatic seas in his approach to China proper, which he eventually reaches, and his entrance into which is described in the opening portion of the thirty-fifth chapter, a part of which is embraced in this number. General Grant is everywhere received with the greatest honors, in the midst of all of which, however, he demeans himself with the simplicity becoming a true American citizen.

The admirable feature of the work, commenced in the several previous parts, detailing General Grant's private conversations in references to the public interest and prominent men of the United States, is continued in the present part. No one can read the report of these conversations without having his respect increased for the honesty and straightforwardness of the man, though he may not be able to concur with him in all the positions advanced.

We cannot but continue our formerly expressed favorable opinion of the work, which indeed grows upon us, as each successive number appears. F.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The number of *The Living Age* for the week ending January 3d has the following valuable contents: The Letters of Charles Dickens, *Fortnightly Review*; "He that Will Not when he May," by Mrs. Oliphant; The Development of the Color Sense, *Macmillan*; St. John's Eve, by the author of "Patty"; First Impressions of the New World, by the Duke of Argyll, *Fraser*; A Deadly Dead, a Tale from France, by Rudolph Lindau, *Blackwood*; The Literary Calling and its Future, by Jam. S. Payn, *Nineteenth Century*; A Hindu Almanac, *Saturday Review*; Some Victims of French Diplomacy, *Pall Mall Gazette*; together with the usual choice poetry and miscellany.

This number begins a new volume (the 144th) of this standard weekly magazine. Two new serial stories, one by Mrs. Oliphant, and the other by Mrs. Parr, the author of those thoroughly charming stories "Dorothy Fox" and "Hero Carthew," have been recently begun in *The Living Age*, from advance sheets, and the publishers present to new subscribers for 1880 the six numbers of 1879, which contain the opening chapters of both these serials. The present is therefore a favorable opportunity for subscribing.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$3) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both post paid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The Messenger.

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Rev. C. U. HELLMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1880.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS SACRIFICE.

JESUS CHRIST, the revelation of the Father in and to our humanity by the Holy Ghost, is the true object of the Christian's faith. We can, of course, get a proper conception of His work, only by a knowledge of who He was and is: without that, even His precious death upon the cross would fail to satisfy us. We could not think, for instance, of His being put to death according to the flesh, without the fact of His incarnation; and His sacrifice upon the cross, as a mere man disjoined from God, who carried our nature through death in triumph, would give us no comfort. He must, as our catechism teaches us, be very man and, at the same time, very God, in order to meet the demands of our case. The work of Christ flows out of the constitution of His Person. That is what men are beginning to see and contend for everywhere.

There is no use then to say, that those who lay stress upon His infleshment, and His resurrection, under-rate His sacrifice, as though we could believe the one of those things, only as over against the other. The real force and efficacy of Christ's sacrifice rested in the fact, that He who made it was the God-man. Gnosticism, Eutychianism, Sabellianism, Arianism, all the old heresies that erred in regard to the Person of Christ were at fault, because, among other things, their theories could not meet the conditions of the atonement. The philosophy—the whole Divine economy of the plan of salvation, and all history tell us that. Reverse this thought; make nothing of His Person, and go upon the supposition that our Divine Redeemer might as well have been a mere human martyr, or an incarnate angel, or that the mystery of His death might have been accomplished without the assumption of our nature, and He who was Himself the Foundation-Stone which God laid in Zion, will be taken away, and we will have nothing to build upon.

We are glad the Peace Commission placed on the very fore-front of its articles, the declaration: "We recognize in Jesus Christ and His sacrifice for fallen man, the foundation and source of our whole salvation." Not, it will be observed, the sacrifice independent of Him who makes it, but the Christ of God, and His sacrifice—starting from His Person, rather than a mere doctrine, which of course has no blood to shed.

The word "sacrifice," is perhaps after all the best that could have been employed. The "atonement," etymologically and doctrinally considered, has a wider meaning, and might be looked upon as repeating what is involved in the Person of Christ; because the Incarnation, and the ascension were a part of the atonement or bringing God and man together. The infleshment of the Deity, and the taking of our nature into the very bosom of the Father, certainly were the historical accomplishment of this unity. But although something of the kind is also involved in all the humiliation of our Lord, yet His sacrifice is more clearly understood as referring to the pouring out of His life on Calvary. And this can never be thrown in the background, in any true scheme of redemption. It was only by that expiation, that the legal and moral difficulties, which stood in the way of our salvation, could be removed. The idea, that the incarnation would have been sufficient without this sacrifice; that the life, which Christ brought into the service of humanity when He was born of a woman, would

have satisfied the demands of the law, if He had gone back to Heaven before He paid the penalty of man's transgression, is radically false. Without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin; and no nearness of access to God.

The Person and work of Christ are not antagonistic. The one lies at the foundation of the other, and they are both necessary to our salvation.

WHERE SOME THINGS CANNOT GO.

For some time past, we have been anxious to edit a paper fit for the Eastern Penitentiary of this State. This may seem to be a strange ambition, but we have quietly kept the standard before us, and found it to be a good one. It may be sufficient explanation of this, for the present at least, to say that no journal is admitted to that institution, that contains blood-and-thunder stories or sensational records, which exalt criminals to the standard of heroes. The wisdom of this will be patent to every one, who thinks for a moment, of the influence of such stuff. Bad literature is a crime, and the authorities of the prison have learned through the observation of years, the utter folly of adding fuel to flames they are trying to quench.

We are glad to note, that "Medical Almanacs" are put on the list of contraband articles. If any man wants to make a holocaust of such things, his shortest way will be to send a cart-load to superintendent Cassidy; for he can be assured, that the smoke of the sacrifice or the incense of glory, as the case may be, will rise up gracefully under a boiler.

We would like to remark upon the good influence this strict rule has had, but have neither time nor space now. We can say, however, that large bundles of these publications were lavished upon our office at the commencement of this year, and we can form some idea of the profusion with which advertisers of quackery have distributed them from drug stores and at the fronts of private residences. The misery is, that they are accepted. Church almanacs must go begging, because people have the calendar, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the phases of the moon and every thing else that a well-appointed almanac should contain, with "a string in ready to hang up," and all for nothing. And yet these publications are full of electrotype plates and printed statements that minister to disease of body and soul. It is poor economy to accept them, even without cost. It is well to fear the Greeks bringing presents. Scorpions and poisons may be a disadvantage even as gifts.

We thought the above article finished, but feel constrained to open it again, to confess that the frogs have come into our own dough-trough. Looking up from this page, we find a "yellow livered" pamphlet suspended from the gas-fixture. How it got there we do not know, but suppose it passed the guard at the front door. We will take it down and cremate it, lest some one after reading the above, might ask whether our home has influences in it that would not be admitted to the Eastern Penitentiary?

OUR PUBLICATION INTERESTS.

The present year has opened under encouraging prospects. The employees in the Book Store have had their hands quite full, and it does not look, at present, as though they will be soon allowed to have much idle time on hand. Those connected with the periodical department have also been overwhelmed with work. Day and night are they engaged in attending to the particular business claiming their attention. New subscriptions to our periodicals are coming in quite encouragingly, and should they continue to do so during the months to come, it will place these publications on a good footing and do much towards enabling them to fulfill their important mission.

Our traveling agent, Mr. Binkley, has returned twenty-one new double-sheet subscribers from the Gettysburg charge. This success is quite encouraging, when it is remembered that the same field was only about a year before canvassed by another agent. He is now operating in Baltimore, and we

hope to receive a good return from the monumental city. In some instances pastors are themselves doing the work in their own charges, and are meeting with encouragement. Rev. I. E. Graeff has returned nine new subscribers from his charge at Tamaqua, Pa., and vicinity; and the Rev. N. H. Skyles has sent in twenty-three new subscribers gathered in the Jefferson, Md. congregation. He is about to extend his efforts to his other congregations also, and we trust the result will be equally encouraging. Nearly every family in the Jefferson congregation is now in receipt of the double-sheet "MESSENGER." We hope to be able soon to furnish similar reports from others. F.

TO WHOM IS THE PROMISE?

When our Lord ascended from sacred Olivet, and threw back His heavenly mantle upon the Church of the apostles, He set the crown of an all-comprehending promise upon His glorious work of redemption: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

If we would know, who are included in the number of those who may share the Master's abiding presence, we must consider the conditions that immediately precede the promise. Many things are granted to men by the Lord without any moral conditions. He sends rain upon the just and the unjust. But the grace which bringeth salvation can be bestowed only if certain conditions are complied with, which the Lord has seen fit to impose. Salvation objectively considered, as a divine work wrought out for men, includes all men, yet only they are saved who repent, believe and obey the gospel. Redemption is universal, but its application is particular, and is effectual in them alone who accept what it offers and conform to its law and spirit.

Then, as no spiritual and heavenly benefit can be available for men without compliance with the terms of God, in the obedience of faith, so the great ascension promise of Christ can be ours only, if we perform the part assigned us in that last command: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations—Preach the gospel to every creature;" that is, make disciples and extend the Church, until it become co-extensive with the habitable globe, and all the kingdoms of the world shall become the one kingdom of the Lord. And it must be evident to every live Christian, that no Christian community, or congregation, is exempt from performing a just and equitable part in the great work of evangelizing the world. It is a work of love; it is Love's supreme work; and the cultivation and exercise of that supreme grace is the fulfilling of the divine law. Without that grace sanctifying all that we do, we are yet in our sins, and our works are worthless, and our observance of rites and forms of worship an abomination. So the work of a Church must be, to say the least, partial and weak, that extends no further than its immediate neighborhood. Its love must be small, or its knowledge of Christian duty, and of its relation as debtor to the outside and heathen world, must be exceedingly limited. In either case, such a congregation cannot enjoy a high degree of prosperity; for here, as in everything else, the principle applies: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." It would be a contradiction of our Lord's great commission, to suppose that a church could enjoy true prosperity that either wilfully or ignorantly disregards that last and positive command of the risen and rising Lord. The simple fact is, and cannot be denied, that there is not a really healthy and prosperous church to be found anywhere, that is not in hearty and active sympathy with the work of Christian missions.

If there are any, then where are they? O, there are plenty of them—living off the fat of the land; rich and independent, with property and income as secure as "the everlasting hills." True, and all the worse for such carnal security. All the worse, to be like the church of Laodicea, that boasted of its wealth and good condition, but was compelled to hear the awful word from the glorified Christ: "Thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

What will material riches amount to where the heavenly are wanting? They will be weights to sink such churches into perdition, whereas they ought to be wings to bear them heavenward; and would be such, if they were consecrated to the service of God. Numbers and wealth do not of themselves constitute prosperity; and it is simply impossible, according to the express teaching of Christ, to find a prosperous church that is not, at the same time, employed in the work of Christian missions, in the spirit of Christ and His holy apostles. No Church can prosper without the presence of Christ in it and with it; and He will be and abide with none but those, who faithfully and in the spirit of love carry out, to the extent of their ability, His last will and testament, which He delivered to the Church just before He ascended to His mediatorial throne. The promise is—the gift of His ever abiding presence with His people: but they, on their part, must not fail to recognize and perform the inseparable conditions. K.

HISTORY OF HEIDELBERG COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. George W. Williard, President of Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio, has published a volume of three hundred and fifty-seven pages, with the above general title. The first part, covering one hundred and two pages, furnishes a full historical account of the rise and progress of the College, from its incipient stages to the present time. Many were the difficulties, which the institution had to encounter from the very first, and it continued to experience them, to a greater or less extent, throughout the various stages of its progress. It has attained to its present encouraging condition, in the face of what seemed to many, insurmountable obstacles.

The second part of the work contains a list of the members of the several classes, which have graduated since the present presidency commenced, together with the Baccalaureate sermons and addresses, delivered in connection with their graduation. The sermons and addresses are appropriate to the occasions on which they were delivered. An interesting variety also is maintained throughout the whole, even in the midst of the tendency necessarily at hand in such sermons and addresses, to run out into a noticeable sameness.

The work is a commendable contribution to history, and must prove acceptable to the graduates and friends of the institution. The price of the work is \$1.50 per copy. F.

THE REFORMED QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The January number of this publication, treats of the following subjects:—Article I. THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL. By J. Williamson Nevins, D. D. II. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. III. SELF-CULTURE. By Rev. I. E. Graeff. IV. SUBJECTION TO LAWFUL AUTHORITY. By Rev. N. H. Loose, A. M. V. THE PLACE OF THE STUDY OF LATIN AND GREEK IN MODERN EDUCATION. By W. T. Harris, LL. D. VI. LESSING AND CHRISTIANITY. By Prof. John S. Stahr, A. M. VII. DENOMINATIONAL CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. Geo. H. Johnston. VIII. THE PEACE COMMISSION. By the Editor. IX. RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The few earnest ministers of our Church, who have lately discontinued their subscriptions to the Review, will perhaps regret their action when they read the above table of contents. With some the idea prevails that the work amounts to nothing, except in a fight, and that in these days of prospective peace, its mission has been so far performed, that it may now be consigned to the moles and the bats. This is a very great mistake. The importance of the publication should be apparent now if ever, since it may be the channel of broad catholic discussion, without exciting the prejudices, its very name once seemed to carry with it to the minds of some. It would be a sad thing for us all, if interest in the theological issues of the day should now cease. There are grave questions challenging the Church in its contest against the world of evil; and there are questions concerning her inner life, which must come to a historical solu-

tion. There must be expression in regard to these, in order to our proper estimate of them, and as a means to this, the Review should be maintained. It will be easier to keep it up now than to let it die, and then try to revive it to meet some demand that may be felt for it in the future.

Apart from the controversies that gave it character in times past, the Review has preserved much history for us, and things which have seemed dry will after all be valuable for future reference. The Church should see to it, that its publication is continued.

We cannot go into an analysis of the articles presented in the number before us. We may say, however, that Dr. Nevins deals with the Pope's Encyclical, in such a way as to allow the full force of its complaint against the rationalism and materialism, that seem to threaten every land-mark of faith, but, at the same time, he shows that Romanism which swings to the side of blind authority has been and can be no cure for it. Dr. Apple's comments upon the Peace Conference will be read with interest, as he was a member of the Commission, and his judgment upon this, as well as upon other subjects, has great weight. The "Autobiography" is a history of the life of J. Albert C. Helfstein, who died in January, 1869, in the 81st year of his age. It "was furnished to the pastor of the New Goshenhoppen charge, Montgomery Co. Pa.," who it appears "has a volume in preparation on his ancient historical field." The other articles treat of subjects of importance and will be read with interest.

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.

Those of our readers who are near enough to avail themselves of the announcement, will be glad to hear, that Dr. John Lord has commenced another course of lectures on the "Great Characters of History," at Association Hall, in this city. The first lecture was given on the 8th inst., at 12 o'clock M., and the course will be continued on Mondays and Thursdays, at the same hour and place until finished. Tickets for 25 lectures with reserved seat, will be sold for \$10.00. Single admission with reserved seat 50 cents. To be had at Gould & Fischer, 1210 Chestnut Street.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Our western cotemporary has recently changed proprietors, and with it also a change has taken place in the editorial control. It now has employed upon it five editors, namely, Rev. Drs. J. H. Good, G. W. Williard, J. H. A. Bomberger, and I. H. Reiter, and Rev. S. C. Goss, A. M., a force sufficient to give to it greatly increased strength and variety. It will continue to be devoted more especially to the interests of the Church in the West. F.

Notes and Quotes.

The Independent, in a notice of the late Gilbert Haven, says, he was once offered the editorial control of that paper, which he declined, always referring to the compliment, however, with pleasure. On one occasion the Bishop's Independent had been discontinued by mistake, and he told the astonished clerk the like must never happen again; that "after his death, he wanted it sent to him in the other world, if there were any 'mails that would reach there.'" Our cotemporary finds a limit beyond which the persistent enterprise of New York Journalism can never go, except in the way of influence exerted on people while in this life; but with an idea of coming as near to the boundary as possible, it promises to send a copy to the "Haven Normal School, Waynesboro, Ga., for the use of colored students."

We suggest, that if the Independent ever gets across the line, its able, genial, but perhaps too-liberal editor might omit the advertisements, and especially the prominent Insurance Department, as it is believed no provisions against death and fire are needed in the land to which Bishop Haven has gone.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]		
Flour, Wheat, Superino.....		\$4.75 @ \$5.25
" Extra Family.....		6.75 @ 7.00
" Fancy.....		7.40 @ 8.50
Rye.....		5.50 @ 5.62 1/2
Corn meal.....		2.25 @ 2.41
Buckwheat meal.....		2.35 @ 2.43
GRAIN. Wheat, White.....		1.51 @ 1.53
" Red.....		1.49 @ 1.50
Rye.....		95 @ 98
Corn, Yellow.....		59 1/2 @ 60
" White.....		59 1/2 @ 61 1/2
Oats.....		49 @ 49 1/2
Barley two rowed.....		70 @ 80
Barley Malt, two rowed.....		80 @ 90
GROCERIES. Sugar, Cuba.....		75 @ 80
" Refined out loaf.....		10 1/2 @ 10 1/2
" " crushed.....		10 1/2 @ 10 1/2
" " powdered.....		10 1/2 @ 10 1/2
" " granulated.....		9 1/2 @ 10
" " A.....		9 1/2 @ 9 1/2
Coffee, Rio..... gold.....		16 1/2 @ 17
" Maracaibo..... gold.....		14 @ 20
" Laguayra..... gold.....		14 @ 17
" Java..... gold.....		24 1/2 @ 25 1/2
PROVISIONS. Mess Pork.....	13.50	14 @ 15
Dried Beef.....		12 @ 13
Sugar cured Hams.....		10 @ 11
Lard.....		7 1/2 @ 8 1/2
Butter, Roll extra.....		22 @ 24
Butter, Roll Common.....		19 @ 21
" Prints, extra.....		32 @ 35
" " Common.....		26 @ 29
" Grease.....		6 @ 6 1/2

Youth's Department.

THE THREE COPECKS.

Crouched low in a sordid chamber,
With a cupboard of empty shelves,—
Half-starved, and, alas! unable
To comfort or help themselves,—
Two children were left forsaken,
All orphaned of mortal care;
But with spirits too close to Heaven
To be tainted by Earth's despair,—
Alone in that crowded city,
Which shines like an Arctic star,
By the banks of the frozen Neva,
In the realm of the mighty Czar.
Now, Max was an urchin of seven;
But his delicate sister, Leeze,
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,
Could scarcely have reached your knees!
As he looked on his sister weeping,
And tortured by hunger's smart,
A thought like an Angel entered
At the door of his opened heart.
He wrote on a fragment of paper,—
With quivering hand and soul,—
"Please send to me, Christ! three copecks,
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"
Then, rushed to a church, his missive
To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,—
As the surest mail bound Christward,—
In the unlocked Box for Alms!
While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it,
One passed from the priestly band,
And with smile like a benediction
Took the note from his eager hand.
Having read it, the good man's bosom
Grew warm with a holy joy:
"Ah! Christ may have heard you already,—
Will you come to my house, my boy?"
"But not without Leeze?" "No, surely,
We'll have a rare party of three;
Go, tell her that somebody's waiting
To welcome her home to tea."
That night, in the cozyest cottage,
The orphans were safe at rest,
Each snug as a callow birdling
In the depths of its downy nest.
And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,
The preacher so spake of these
Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus
Had blessed by the sacred seas;—
So recounted their guileless story,
As he held each child by the hand,
That the hardest there could feel it,
And the dullest could understand.
O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
There floated a gracious mist;
And oh, how the tender mothers
Those desolate darlings kissed!
"You have given your tears," said the preacher,
"Heart-arms we should none despise;—
But the open palm, my children,
Is more than the weeping eyes!"
Then followed a swift collection,
From the altar steps to the door,
Till the sum of two thousand rubles
The vergers had counted o'er.
So you see that the unmailed letter
Had somehow gone to its goal,
And more than three copecks gathered
To purchase for Leeze a roll!

Paul H. Hayne, in *St. Nicholas* for January.

THE LITTLE WOOD-CARVER.

If you find in Switzerland the St. Gothard mountain, where the Rhine takes its source, and follow that beautiful river as it enters the Lake of Constance, crosses it, and coming out at the opposite end, forms a large cataract at Shaffhausen, you will see it continues its westward course till it comes to Basle, and then turns suddenly northward. On this part of the river, on the right-hand side, you will find the Black Forest. It is called black because the trees which compose it, mostly pines, grow very close together, and their thick foliage shut out the sunlight.
From the Rhine, the sun rises gradually; after some time you come out on a beautiful glassy plateau where you cannot see any trees at all, and the sunlight seems much brighter there than elsewhere. On this plateau is a pretty little town, celebrated for its numerous clock factories, and there most of the pretty cuckoo clocks are made.
On one side of the plateau are a few small villages and towns, and here lived a great many years ago, an old woman, named Mother Elizabeth, with her two grand-children, Hans and Gretchen. These two little ones were orphans, and had no other relations than their aged grand-mother, who was very poor. So poor, that often they did not have even dry bread to eat, and were obliged to lie down on their straw pallets and try to sleep to forget how hungry they were.
One day, Mother Elizabeth called her grand-children to her bedside, and told them they must work now, or else they all would starve. So Hans, a stout boy

of ten years, started out early every morning, picked up dead wood, broke it, tied it in bundles, called fagots, and carried it to the neighboring town for sale. This was very hard work for the children, the town was far from their home, the paths were narrow and slippery, and the wood was heavy; but they were brave, and loved their grand-mother so dearly that they were willing to work very hard for her sake.

Sometimes, when they were very tired, they would stop to rest on their way to and from town, at old Gottlieb's hut. This old man was a wood-carver, and made clocks, fans, paper-knives, brackets, ornaments, and toys out of pine wood. Hans loved to stand by his side and watch him carve, and when he and Gretchen took up their loads again to continue their way, he would tell his sister, if he only had a knife he was sure he could learn to carve, too. One fine June morning, Gottlieb overheard him saying this, and took his pipe out of his mouth just long enough to say:

"Hans, if you really want to learn, and are willing to come here two hours every day, I will teach you how to carve and give you a knife."

"Will you?" cried Hans. "Oh, thank you, Gottlieb! You are very kind. I will come in the morning. Perhaps, when I am a man, I will carve well, and will be able to sell my ornaments, and then we won't have to pick up wood."

The next day the wood was quickly disposed of, and the children tripped gaily along the slippery paths, their tongues wagging very fast, till they came to Gottlieb's hut; at the door they slipped off their wooden clogs, and lifting the latch, walked in. There, under the window sat Gottlieb, busily carving a cuckoo clock; as the children came in saying, "Good morning," he looked up with a smile, and said, "Good morning, little ones! Well, Hans, my boy, I see you are in earnest about learning to carve, and as you seem eager to set to work, we will begin at once. Get a stool and come and sit down here beside me." And good old Gottlieb laid aside his own work to teach Hans, who did not find it as easy work as he thought it would be. His knife would slip and cut his fingers, and often when he rose from his stool his limbs ached from being kept so long in the same position. But day after day he persevered, and soon grew accustomed to his new work; in a few weeks he could boast of not having a single cut on his hands, and after a while he improved so rapidly that Gottlieb told him, "Hans, my son, if you keep on improving as fast as you are now, I will soon have to take lessons of you." After a few weeks of steady practice, he carved some ornaments that Gottlieb pronounced "good enough for sale." So, early next morning he took them with him to market.

Many persons stopped to speak a word of praise, but no one bought of him. Hans was getting discouraged, and was going to pack up his carvings and carry them home, when he felt a strong but gentle hand laid firmly on his shoulder; he looked up and saw a handsome, middle-aged gentleman looking at him kindly, and asking him the price of one of his ornaments. Hans answered rapidly, and seemed so anxious to sell, that his customer smiled and asked him who had carved what he was selling. Great was his surprise when Hans told him they were all his own handiwork. He picked them up one after another, to examine them more closely, asking questions all the while. Soon he knew the little story, and after selecting a few carvings, asked Hans where he lived, and putting a gold coin in his hand, he bade him a pleasant "good morning," and left him.

Much elated by his success, Hans returned home and told Gottlieb, Mother Elizabeth and Gretchen all about it; they were all very glad to think Hans had really earned something by his "whittling," as his grandmother called his new occupation. Meanwhile the gentleman, too, had returned to his home, and that same evening he entertained at his table several of his friends, and as they were excellent judges of

wood carving, he showed them those he had purchased in the morning. After repeating for their benefit Hans' story, he asked their opinion of the carvings, saying he thought the boy quite a genius, and would like to help him in some way. All his guests pronounced the carvings remarkable for a boy of Hans' age, and after consulting together, agreed to buy all he could carve and pay him liberally. The next day the gentleman went to see Gottlieb, to ascertain whether Hans had told him the truth, and when he learned what a good boy he was, and how rapidly he had learned, he went to see him, and promised to help him by buying all he could make.

Now began for Hans a new and happy life. Instead of carrying heavy loads to town, he spent his time in carving; and as he was smart and used his eyes wherever he went, examining the trees, ferns, flowers, birds, squirrels, etc., and copied them in wood, never resting till he brought out the expression he wanted, he improved very rapidly, and soon his fame spread far and wide. Strangers passing through the forest were guided to his hut, and always stopped to see the boy-artist and purchase a trifle to carry away with them; and they often say there is one thing they admire much more than his skill in carving; that is, his devotion to Mother Elizabeth, Gretchen, and poor old Gottlieb, who had lost his sight, and who lives with Hans.—*School Journal.*

BE TRUE.

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never stretch a story or fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories, or making foolishly or falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining, when told just exactly as they come to pass. One has well said: "Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend."

Dear young friends, be true. Do the truth. Tell the truth. There are many false tongues. Let yours speak the things that are pure, lovely, true.

JAPANESE TOP-SPINNING.

At certain seasons of the year, top-spinning engages a great part of the leisure time of American and English boys, and some of them become very skillful. But Japanese jugglers are the people to spin tops, and I will try to describe some of their more difficult feats, as I saw them.

I was at a Japanese juggling entertainment, and when the first part of the performance was over, the men who had been acting cleared the stage, set on it a small table, a number of swords, and a little house, like the doll houses sold in toy shops, bowed low, and left. Immediately afterward, a richly-dressed Japanese made his appearance, carrying in his arms about a dozen tops, somewhat resembling common humming-tops, each with a long thin stem run through the bulb-shaped part, and protruding at the top and bottom,—the top stem being cased in a loose sheath. Bowing to the spectators, the Japanese took one of the tops and twirled it briskly between his palms for a second or two; he then dropped it upon the table, where it spun around in that swiftly revolving, but apparently motionless state, that boy top-spinners call "sleeping." The Japanese indicated by signs that it would stop when he told it to, and turning toward the table, he lifted his hand as a command. No sooner had he done this than the top stopped as if it really had seen and understood the signal.

The Japanese picked up the top again, and twirling it as before, placed it upon the table, where it spun itself to sleep. He then selected from the swords on the floor one with a long, keen blade, and lifting the top from the table by the sheath of the upper stem, placed the

point of the lower stem carefully upon the edge of the blade, near the hilt. The top spun for some moments in this position, and then began to run slowly toward the point of the sword. When it had reached the point, it leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and continued to revolve for several moments in that difficult position, until it was caught in the juggler's hand just as it was about to stop spinning.

Throwing the sword to one side, the performer again made the top spin upon the table, and picking up five others started them also. He then stretched a thin wire across the stage, and taking the tops from the table, placed them one after another upon the wire, as he had previously placed the first one upon the edge of the sword. They spun around for a few seconds without moving; but suddenly, as if by one impulse, they all started on an excursion along the wire, banancing themselves as they went, with all the nicety of expert tight-rope walkers. Reaching the end of their trip, they dropped one by one into the hands of an assistant, who stood ready to catch them.—*St. Nicholas* for January.

THE SNOWFLAKES, OR WORK FOR ALL.

Snowflakes, silent snowflakes,
Melting on my hair,
What an idle life you lead
In this world so fair.

Rain-drops nurse the flowers,
Sunshine tints the peach,
E'en windy days are wanted,
Work there seems for each.

Snowflakes, pretty snowflakes,
Drifting as you fall,
Are you, then, the only things
Of no use at all?

We are busy snowflakes,
Lightly down we go;
Veiling dear old mother earth
When the cold winds blow.

Where would be your roses,
Corn, and fruit, and flowers,
If the snow forgot to fall
In bleak winter hours?

He who made no idle thing
Scatters us, you know,
Gives us wondrous work to do—
Tiny flakes of snow.

—*Little Folks.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

One of the strongest illustrations in the Hebrew Scriptures of the love of God for His children is found in the declaration that even a mother may forget her child, but that He will never forget His people. No human affection can equal a mother's love.

The *St. Paul Pioneer* tells a pathetic story of a young Indian girl at the mission school at Red Lake, who was attacked with fever. A messenger was sent to her mother, who was making sugar forty miles away. The mother started on foot in the evening on her lonesome journey, making a straight line through unbroken forests inhabited only by wild beasts, over deep, rushing rivers, through bogs and swamps, and arrived at the agency shortly after day-break to find her daughter dead.

A Toronto paper recalls a similar story of a half-breed woman at Qu'Appelle, whose daughters were at the fort at Winnipeg. Word was brought to her that they were falling into bad company, and were on the high road to destruction. The distance was three hundred and fifty miles. Being too poor to hire a horse, she started to walk, and reached Winnipeg after this frightful journey in the depths of winter. The girls were overcome with shame and remorse at the sight of her, and with tears promised to go back. The people of Winnipeg became interested in her, and provided means for their return, and gave them food and other necessities; and the brave little squaw set off happy and triumphant, accompanied by her two children.

Boys and girls seldom stop to think of the keen torture or joy which their careless actions give to their mothers, simply because they know nothing of the great power of love which a woman has for her children—a love which made these poor Indian squaws, whom we used to look upon as callous and stoical, defy death and danger for the mere chance of serving their children.

When we are young, our eagerness for

independence makes us feel the mother's restraining hand an intolerable yoke on our necks. But when we are old, and the hand is gone, we would give the best gifts of life to feel it there once more.

Full of meaning to simple faith is the Scripture that speaks to us of the fatherhood of God in the illustration of a mother's love.

"In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The cares of every time,
When doubts and danger weighed me down,
Then, pleading all for me,
It was the fervent prayer to heaven,
That bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear,
My mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."
—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW AN ELEPHANT WHIPPED FLIES.

A writer in *Nature*—the paper that tells of animal and all natural things under the sun—says that elephants are noted for many thoughtful traits. While he was traveling in far-off India, the elephant on whose back he sat was troubled more than usual by swarms of flies that came from the jungle by the roadside. The elephant stopped suddenly, and, looking around, walked up to a cluster of young shoots. She raised her trunk, neatly stripped down the stem, and, leaving a fine bunch on top, broke off the shoot. Then she cleaned the stem down several times until she had made a beautiful fan, or switch, about five feet long, handle included. Th's she held in her trunk, and reaching around her big body switched the flies away. After this she jogged along contentedly, being bothered no more.

Pleasantries.

A bachelor always looks under the "Marriage" head for the news of the weak.

The man who sang, "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking-car, where the air was more mixed.

The other evening a bright little child remarked to a lady visitor, "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond earrings, 'cause pa's hid them." Visitor: "Where has he hid them?" Intelligent child: "Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout, and he thought they would stay there."

A minister, traveling through the West in a missionary capacity, several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with an old lady upon whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what idea she had formed of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," said she, "I think it is a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it."

(Time 9 P. M.) "Charles, love, Lady Ledbury is at home to-night, and Mrs. Gelsma has a concert, and there is the Duchess of Ipswich's party. Now, are we going to these places, or not? For, if we are, it is time for me to go and dress; and if we are not, it is time for me to put a mustard plaster on my chest, some flannel round my throat, and go straight off to bed."

A tramp knocked at the door, and, unexpectedly, the head of the family opened it. "Young man," said the latter, "I landed here twenty years ago, in worse times than the present, with two shillings, and washed dishes in the country for a living, and now look at me." And he threw his chest out and beamed. "Sir," replied the tramp, "can you direct me to anybody who has a lot of dishes to clean?"

"Didn't you 'splain to me dat if I settled up-dat account you would give me a 'lowance?" said the darkey to the merchant. "If you are ready to settle your bill now I will make an allowance," and the merchant waited for the colored individual to pull out his pocket-book. "Well, sir, I hasn't got de money jus' now, but I thought I'd come in and git de 'lowance; my wife wants a shawl."

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

The Indians at the Carlisle Barracks solemnly witnessed the celebration of Christmas for the first time, this year, and were highly delighted. Santa Claus was present, loaded down with gifts for the children.

The *New York Observer* offers a premium of \$100 for the best essay designed to counteract any one of the many forms of assault upon Christianity by modern infidelity. The essay must be written by a student in an undergraduate class in a theological seminary, must consist of about 2,500 words, and must be forwarded to the office before March 1st, 1880.

The reason assigned on behalf of Bishop Pinkney, of Maryland, for the inhibition of the Rev. Mr. Mortimer is the fact that he assisted at the memorial service for Dr. DeKoven, at St. Clement's Church. It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that a precisely similar service, including a solemn celebration of the Holy Communion, was held at St. Paul's, Baltimore, in commemoration of the late Bishop Whittingham, at which Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina, preached the memorial sermon. But Bishop Pinkney did not inhibit Bishop Atkinson, or even Dr. Hodges, the rector of St. Paul's.

Bishop Bedell, of the diocese of Ohio, has printed in *The Standard of the Cross* the following: "Two cases have occurred within one week where clergymen have unwittingly married persons unscripturally divorced. In neither case was there any suspicion on the clergyman's mind as to the fact, nor any ground for creating a suspicion. It seems proper, therefore, that I should advise the clergy that when called to officiate at marriages they should invariably ask a question which may satisfy them that neither party is already married. That such a question should be necessary is a deplorable proof of the demoralization of the community in respect to the sacredness of the tie that binds husband and wife in the sight of God."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its session in Baltimore in May, 1876, adopted resolutions proposing an Ecumenical Conference of Methodist churches, and appointed a Committee to further the project. This Committee now states that they have laid the matter of the proposed Ecumenical Conference before the representative bodies of the Methodist Protestant Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the American Wesleyan Church, and the Evangelical Association of the United States; also before the representative bodies of the Methodist Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain. Every one of these representative assemblies has taken action in favor of an Ecumenical Conference of Methodism, and has appointed a committee, or provided for its appointment, to act in this business, and for the furtherance of the objects stated. A joint meeting of these Committees, or of their chairmen, has been called to meet in Cincinnati, May 6, 1880.

The New Testament Company of the American Bible Revision Committee, held their last meeting at the New York Bible House on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26 and 27, and finished the second revision of the Book of Revelation. In their next meeting they will consider the final action of the British Company on their work. It is expected that the revised New Testament will be finished and published by the English University Presses during the year 1880, which is the fifth semi-centennial of the publication of Wickliffe's Bible, the first complete translation of the Old and New Testaments into the English language. The *Evangelist* seconds the suggestion made by Dr. Eggleston, with regard to the publication of this revised Testament, viz: "that the old version and the revised one be printed together on opposite pages, and thus submitted to the great Christian public for their perusal and approval, or criticism. The work of the Revision Committee would thus be seen at a glance, and intelligent readers would soon make known their approval, or the contrary."

The Old Testament Company have, at their last session, revised for the first time the translation of the Book of Job, as far as chapter xi. 14. But three or four years more will be required to complete this portion of the Scriptures.

Foreign.

There are 357 Catholic religious houses in the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

One of the Scotch papers announces "a preaching match" at Dalry. It is to be held in the evening, in a public hall.

The Pope has sent instructions to the Bishops and other collectors of Peter's pence to forward what they may have in hand, as the large calls upon his resources, arising from the hardness of the times, have left him without the means of satisfying further demands. Unlike his predecessor, Leo XIII. puts by nothing. All the receipts of 1879 have been already spent in assisting schools, poor churches, alms, and the restoration of ecclesiastical works of art.

Education.

President Eliot wishes to establish a retiring annuity fund for the benefit of Harvard Professors.

Oxford University has begun the experiment of founding a studentship in the Levant, with the idea that it may lead to the establishment of an English school of

study and research in some part of the ancient Greek world.

Complaints are made by the Jews that there exists at Jerusalem no school at which instructions in modern departments of knowledge can be had. Charities there are, it is said, in abundance, but of teaching in practical things there is none. Meanwhile ecclesiasticism prevails in the synagogues, and hospitals and almshouses are provided for, but the active man who has to do with the busy world is left in his ignorance.

The Regents of California University have declared themselves against all secret societies, and now require students on entering the institution to refrain from joining any such while under the college rule. The decree has occasioned considerable feeling, but, thus far, no disturbance. The Zeta Psi, one of the most respectable Greek letter societies, has a property valued at \$20,000; for which a considerable debt was incurred. This was in process of extinction. The action of the faculty leaves the society in an embarrassed condition, as the supply of resident members will be cut off, and the association left bankrupt.

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DOMESTIC.

The Secretary of the Treasury has called for proposals for sale to the government, for sinking fund purposes, of \$1,000,000 of United States bonds of 1881. The conditions of the proposals are the same as in the recent purchase of \$10,000,000 of bonds.

Affairs in Maine have been up to white heat during the past week. Governor Garcelon's term of office expired by limitation, and General Chamberlain who has command of the State military has assumed the reins of government until a successor takes his place. The Fusionists retain possession of the Legislature, but their power seems to extend no farther than obstruction and delay. Charges of bribery are now under consideration, and the difficulties in Louisiana are being repeated in the State of lofty pines.

Turner Hall, in New York, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 5th inst. Four persons were burned to death. On the same day Kitchenman's carpet mills in this city were badly damaged by fire. 300 persons were engaged in the building at the time, but they all escaped without injury. A celluloid factory in Newark exploded last week. Three persons were instantly killed and several others died of their injuries. A freight train on the New Jersey Central Rail Road, plunged into the River through an open draw-bridge. No lives were lost.

FOREIGN.

The Assembly at Berne Switzerland, has elected Dr. E. Welte president of the confederation for 1880.

Among the principal reforms demanded by the French Republicans of the left are liberty of meeting and lawful association, liberty of the press, and gratuitous, secular, compulsory education. The removal of the French Chambers from Versailles makes Paris the capital of France once more. At the opening session Gambetta urged the abandonment of all passionate scenes, and a concentration of effort to secure the grandeur of the country and the strength of the republic.

At the railway stations in India, says an exchange, the passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessel; a sundra, or low-caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, or else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, the being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

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